



# I SUSPECT FOUL PLAY



👁️ 51 ✓ 22 ★ 18

## Chapter 1 by Lance Felix

Yes, I'm talking to you. You know what I mean.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat

What the fuck? I didn't do it.



## Chapter 3 by Adam Muller

It still didn't sound right. I knew I wasn't convincing. They'd be all up and down my shit, and dead three seconds later.

I stood in front of the mirror and did it again and again.

"I SUSPECT FOUL PLAY! Yes, I'm talking to you. You know what I mean."

I thought of melted butter that's been put in the freezer.

"What the fuck? I didn't do it."

## Chapter 4 by intellikat

I shook my head and looked at the floor. I was gonna be dead for sure. Dead in the water.



This audition was my last shot. I was two months overdue on rent, eating ramen noodles twice a day, and taking dry showers at the gym. And let's be honest, I sucked. I wasn't convincing with the whole "I'm a killer" thing. What the fuck was I doing? A killer on a crime show?

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Chapter 5 by intellikat



"What the fuck? I DIDN'T DO IT." I tried again, with emphasis. But it just wasn't working. Nothing was working.

There was a light knock at the door.

"Howdy." A diminutive home leprechaun had pushed the door open a crack and was peering in.

"Mind if I--"

"What the fuck? I thought I locked that."

The home leprechaun took this as an invitation, and slipped inside. "Sorry to bother you. I'm across the way. Room 614. I couldn't help but overhear... what is that... a monologue or something you are working on? Again, I don't mean to push. But I do a bit of voice and acting coaching on the side. If I could be of any assistance..."

## Chapter 6 by heureux-xx



"YES! Please help me, I need to nail this audition, I'll do anything!" I exclaimed to the leprechaun

"Anything, you say?" The Leprechaun mused, "Hmm, what is this part for?"

"It's for a killer on a crime show.."

"Interesting. Wait here." And on that note, he sprinted out of my apartment.

...

Two hours had passed before the leprechaun finally came back. I admit, I was a little pissed. Every second of practice counted! When he knocked on my door and came inside, I noticed he seemed a little frazzled.

"Hello friend, sorry to take so long. But, as an acting coach, I've come to realize the best way to learn the part of the role is to IMMERSE yourself in the role.. So, hold on to this." In a quick

motion, he tossed something he was holding behind his back in my direction. Once I caught it, I realized it was... A knife?

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"Umm, why did you give me a knife?" I asked. "Just throw a knife at someone."

A grin spread across the leprechauns face. His eyes widened ever so slightly. "I didn't give you anything. In fact, you just used that to kill the bodega owner downstairs. And "a witness," not me, called it in. So the police are on their way right now."

"You.. You can't be serious. Right?" I was a little shocked, but also starting to realize I asked for help from a leprechaun I didn't even know..

"Oh, you could say I'm.. Deathly serious. Ha. Hahaha. I'm funny. Anyways, if you can lie yourself out from this crime. Then I have no doubt in my mind you will nail your audition. Bye now!" The leprechaun said right before he bolted out of my apartment.

This can't really be happening, right? He wouldn't just kill someone and hand me the knife.. Maybe I should -- **BANG BANG BANG** "OPEN UP, IT'S THE POLICE"

Shit.

## Chapter 7 by intellikat



I threw the knife under my bed and tremblingly reached for the door handle. As I pulled the door open, I saw two uniformed officers standing in the hallway, looking grave.

"What the fuck, I didn't do it," I yammered, even before either of them could speak.

The first one paused, then frowned at me.

"Didn't do what?"

I saw the home leprechaun behind them in the hallway, winking and giving me the thumbs-up.

"...Um. Pay the rent. I didn't pay the rent. Fuck, I'm sorry. Look, I know I'm behind this month so I'll just fess up and tell you. But it's coming in soon, I promise."

The officers looked at one another.

"Sir, this is not about your rent. Can you step aside?"

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Chapter 8 by intellikat

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I took a deep breath and counted to three, hoping the officers wouldn't sense the sheer terror running wild through my entire nervous system.

"Of course, of course. Come in."

I saw the home leprechaun give me a final gesture of encouragement and scamper down the hallway. I cursed under my breath and stepped sideways to allow the two policemen to enter.

"Interesting decor," said one, lifting an empty noodle cup with one hand and placing it back down on a sidetable littered with several others. "You live alone, Mister...?"

"Waingrow. Dave Waingrow. No, I'm married. Three kids. My wife is just a really good Ramen noodle cook." The officers looked at me quizzically. "No, no. I live alone. The toilet seat is up, too if you need to dust for fingerprints or something."

"Ha ha. Funny. No, we're not here to dust for fingerprints. Not unless you have a murder weapon for us to collect as evidence."

The officers both paused and looked at me and I realised they were waiting for me to respond, in some way.

"Um. I've got some old Kraftwerk albums on vinyl. They're pretty killer if you're into progressive electric krautpop."

"Sorry, Dave. I've taken one shit this morning already, so let's not make it two. I'm gonna cut to the chase." The officer who appeared to be in charge strode to the centre of the living room and eyed me. "We've got a dead Indian downstairs and a phone call coinciding with the time of death from a witness that named you as the killer."

"What do mean... Indian? Like Chippewa or Potawatomi?"

"You tell me. You killed him."

"Me? What are you talking about?"

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"Yes, I'm talking to you. You."

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"What the fuck? I didn't do it!"

"Convince us."

I sighed and sat down in the La-Z-Boy recliner. I motioned for the officers to sit as well. They did. I took a deep breath and dropped into character. let's hope that graduate school was worth more than the hours of rolling around on yoga mats and panting like a dog that it had entailed.

"I reckon what you guys want to know is what I'm a-doing in here. I reckon the reason I'm in here is 'cause I've killed somebody. But I reckon what you guys are wantin' to know is how come I killed somebody, so I reckon I'll start at the front and tell you. I lived out back of my mother and father's place most of my life in a little old shed that my daddy'd built for me. They didn't too much want me up there in the house with the rest of 'em, so mostly I just sat around out there in the shed a-lookin' at the ground. I didn't have no floor out there but I had me a hole dug out to lay down in, a quilt or two to put down there. My father was a hard-workin' man most of his life. Not that I can say the same for myself. I mostly just sat around out there in the shed, tinkered around with a lawn mower or two, went to school off and on from time to time. But the children out there, they were very cruel to me and made quite a bit of sport of me, made fun of me quite a bit. So mostly I just sat around out there in the shed. My daddy worked down there at the sawmill, down at the planer mill for an old man named Dixon. Old man Dixon was a very cruel feller. Didn't treat his employees very well, didn't pay 'em too much of a wage. Didn't pay my daddy too much of a wage. Just barely enough to get by on, I reckon. But I reckon he got by all right. They used to come out, one or the other of 'em, usually my mother, feed me pretty regular. So I know he made enough to where I could have mustard and biscuits three or four times a week. But old man Dixon, he had a boy, name of Jesse Dixon.

Jesse was really more cruel than his daddy was. He used to make quite a bit of sport of me when I was down there at the schoolhouse. He used to take advantage of the those girls there in the neighborhood, you know. They used to say that my mother was a very pretty woman. They've said that quite a bit from time to time when I'd be down there at the schoolhouse. Well, I reckon you want me to get on with it and tell you what happened. So I reckon I'll tell you. I was settin' out there in the shed one evenin', not doing too much of nothin', just kinda staring at the wall and

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Kaiser blade. It's got a long, wood handle, kind of like an ax handle with a long blade on it shaped kinda like a bananer. Sharp on one edge and dull on the other. It's what the highway boys use to cut down weeds and what-not.

Well, I went in there in the house and I hit Jesse Dixon upside the head with it - knocked him off my mother. I reckon that didn't quite satisfy me, so I hit him again with it in the neck with the sharp edge and just plumb near cut his head off, killed him. My mother - she jumped up there and started hollering, 'Whaddya kill Jesse for?' 'Whaddya kill Jessie for?' Well, hmm, come to find out, I don't reckon my mother minded what Jesse was doin' to her. I reckon that made me madder than what Jesse'd made me, so I taken the Kaiser blade - some folks call it a sling blade, I call it a Kaiser blade - and I hit my mother upside the head with it. Killed her!

Some folks has asked me: if you had it to do over again, would you do it the same way? I reckon I would. Anyhow, they seen fit to put me in here, and here I been for a great, long while. I've learned to read some. Took me four years to read the Bible. I reckon I understand a great deal of it. Wasn't what I expected in some places. I slept in a good bed for a great long while. Now they've seen fit to put me out of here. They say they're settin' me free today. Anyhow, I reckon that's all you're needin' to know. You wanna hear about more details, I reckon I can tell 'em to you. I don't know whether that's enough for your newspaper or not."

I finished my monologue and leaned back. I was hungry, and thought of a steaming cup of Ramen noodles.

The officers looked at one another silently, then back to me. The first officer calmly unlatched his holster strap and drew up his pistol level at my head. I flinched as he pulled the trigger and there was an audible CLICK. The next moment, he lowered the gun and began laughing.

"Haha! Great job, Dave."

The other officer was beaming and clapping.

"Hey! What factors lead?" The officer whirled off his cap and loosened his shirt button.  
"We're not cops."

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"Wh-what?"

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"Mr. Goldberg sent us."

"Mister... Goldberg?"

"The producer. For 'Foul Play'. You're supposed to be auditioning today, right? Well... this was it! You nailed it!"

The front door of my apartment opened, and I saw the home leprechaun peek in and make his way in. He headed straight for me with an outstretched hand.

"Dave! Dave! Great job. Really. Oh my god, that was something else. I was watching on CCTV!" He shook my hand violently. "Pieter Musgrave. I'm one of two casting directors for the show. Haha. Bit of an actor myself, right? Mr. Goldberg doesn't like to do things in a traditional way, haha. Hope you don't mind. But hey... buddy! Like he said, you nailed it! Congratulations."

The adrenaline flowed out of my body and I flopped back on my chair.

"Hey, hey. Somebody heat him up some noodles."

This was it. I was in. I had made it. All it takes in life to attain your dreams is the proper motivation... and a three-foot high acting coach.

the end

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